



Spaceman from Another World

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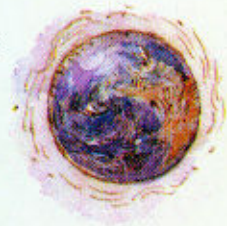
An alien starship was circling Earth to observe life on the planet. Tyro, one of the aliens, was making repairs on the outside of the starship's hull. He was working inside a huge robot-like spacesuit, and he was manipulating the controls to make the repairs.

But the alien engineers forgot about the repairs—and about Tyro! They fired up the spaceship's engines and took off for home, sending poor Tyro tumbling—still inside the spacesuit—over and over toward Earth.

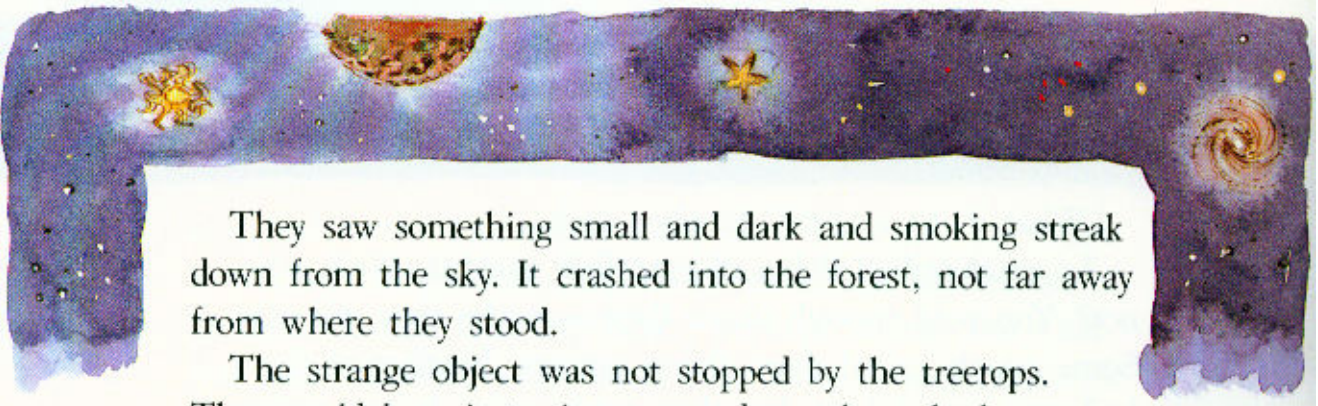
Erik and Stephen saw the spaceman fall. They were playing by the creek when it happened.

At first they heard a far-off, high-pitched whine. It sounded like some sort of aircraft, only different from anything they had ever heard. In a moment it had grown into a desperate rushing sound that made them look up.

The sky seemed to split open. The noise grew into a frightful roar.



from The Fallen Spaceman



They saw something small and dark and smoking streak down from the sky. It crashed into the forest, not far away from where they stood.

The strange object was not stopped by the treetops. They could hear it tearing a way down through the trees. A second later the ground shook beneath their feet. Birds flew screaming into the sky and the whole forest was in an uproar.

Gradually the air grew still again, and Erik looked at his younger brother. "Now what on Earth was *that*?" he said.

Stephen shrugged and looked uneasy. He was only seven and there were many things he didn't understand. He rubbed his nose and stared at the trees, a little scared by what they had seen.

"Could have been a meteorite," Erik said, thoughtfully. "One of those falling stars."





"What if it's a UFO?" Stephen said.

An unidentified flying object? Erik nodded. Well, why not? You read enough about them—maybe they *did* exist. Some people called them flying saucers. Neither of them had ever seen a UFO, but they *might* exist. It was rather like ghosts, Erik thought—you had to see one before you were convinced.

The falling object had been smoking, so it must have burned up in the atmosphere. Maybe it was only a meteorite, after all.

"Come on," he said, urging his little brother to join him. "Let's go have a look at it. . . ."

Erik set off at a run. Stephen was slow to follow. He was uneasy about stepping into the forest, and doubtful of what they might find there. He didn't share his older brother's interest in outer space . . . but he didn't like being left alone, either.


"Wait for me, Erik," he called out. And ran after him. But they did not run for long. The slope of the field grew steep. Their pace had slowed to a walk well before they reached the edge of the forest.

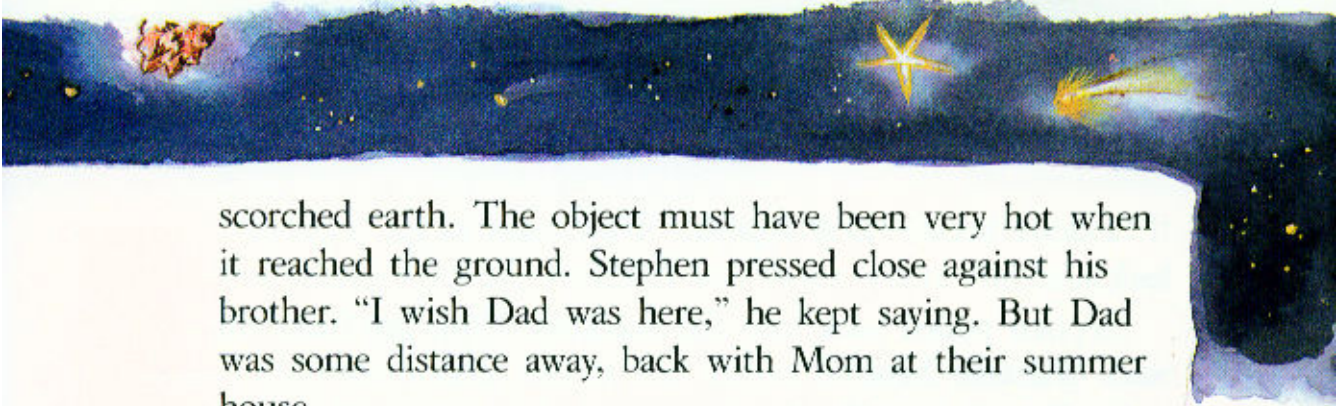
It was dark and gloomy among the tightly packed trees.

"Why don't we go back and get Dad?" Stephen wanted to know.

"Don't be a scaredy," Erik said. "I bet it's only a small meteorite, that's all." He took his brother's hand and stepped cautiously into the forest.

Erik sniffed the air. It was heavy with the smell of



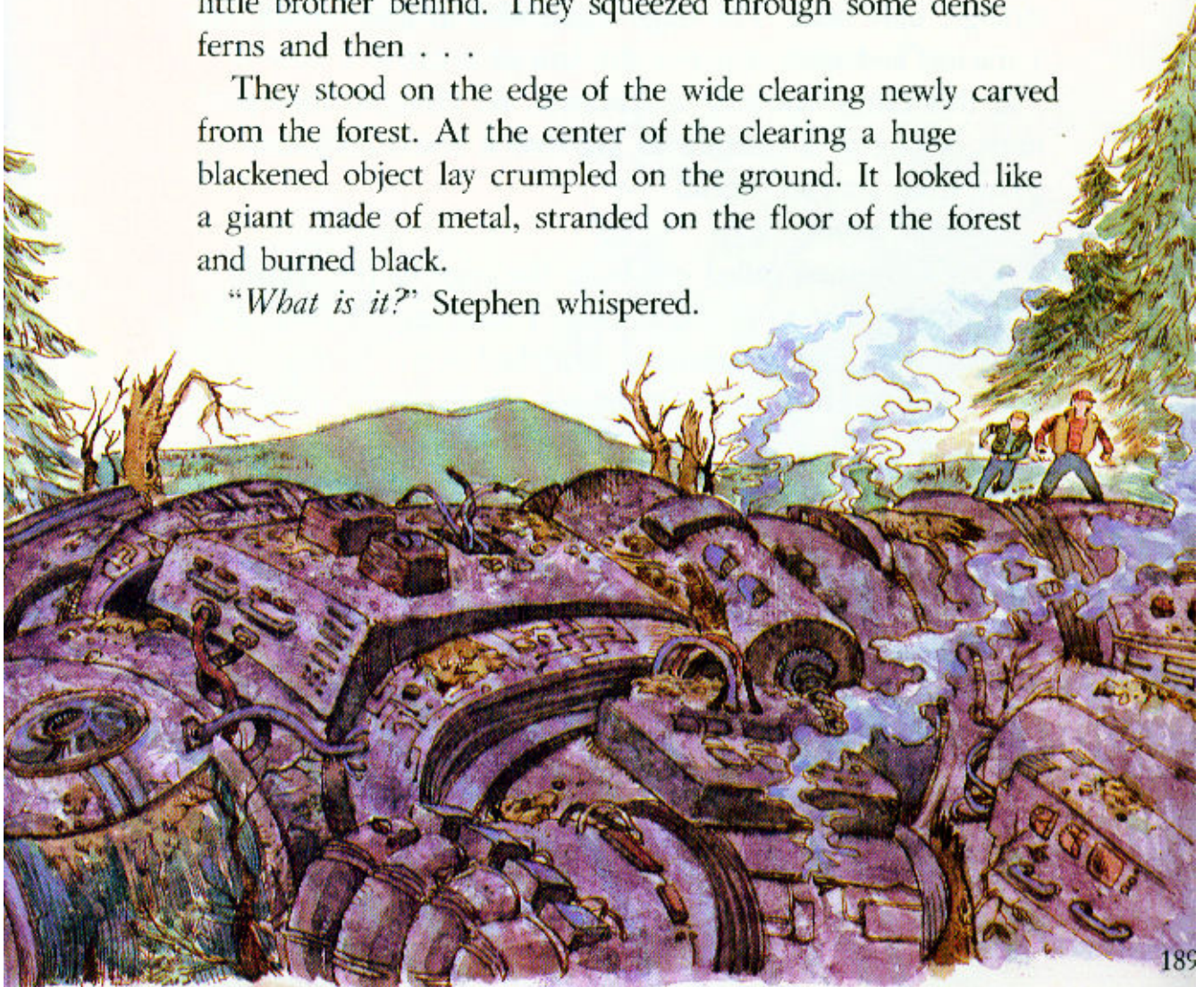


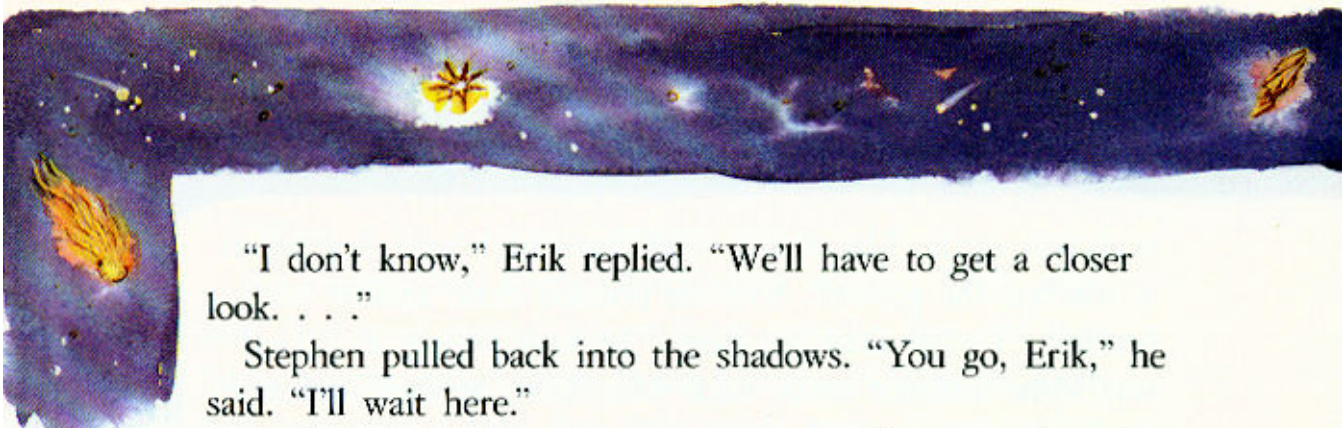
scorched earth. The object must have been very hot when it reached the ground. Stephen pressed close against his brother. "I wish Dad was here," he kept saying. But Dad was some distance away, back with Mom at their summer house.

Ahead they could see where the falling object had torn a great cleft in the trees. Erik hurried forward, dragging his little brother behind. They squeezed through some dense ferns and then . . .

They stood on the edge of the wide clearing newly carved from the forest. At the center of the clearing a huge blackened object lay crumpled on the ground. It looked like a giant made of metal, stranded on the floor of the forest and burned black.

"What is it?" Stephen whispered.





"I don't know," Erik replied. "We'll have to get a closer look. . . ."

Stephen pulled back into the shadows. "You go, Erik," he said. "I'll wait here."

As Erik drew closer he saw that the object was shaped roughly like a man—twenty meters tall!

Erik could make out enormous arms and legs and a strange, ugly head. The huge legs ended in great treads, like a tractor, and each one was the size of a car.

If this thing was truly a spacesuit, he thought, then it must belong to a creature so big that it could only have come from another world!

Another world . . .

"Erik," Stephen called out from the edge of the ragged clearing. "I want to go home now. I want to tell Dad." He looked forlorn and frightened, hunched down in the undergrowth. He didn't want to get any closer to the fallen spaceman.


Erik waved him to be quiet. "In a minute," he called back. "I just want to get a little closer. . . ."

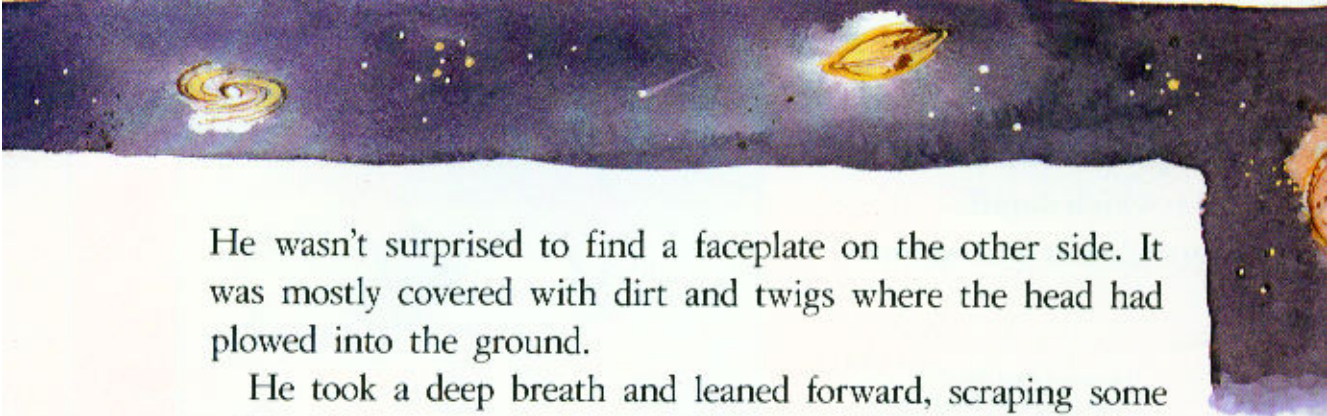
He waited a moment, but the giant gave no sign that it could move.

What if the . . . the creature inside had been killed by the fall? Erik wondered. Or what if he was only unconscious?

He frowned and looked up at the great cleft torn through the forest. It seemed unlikely that anyone could have survived such a dreadful fall. And yet . . . *and yet* . . .

He crept cautiously around the great helmeted head.





He wasn't surprised to find a faceplate on the other side. It was mostly covered with dirt and twigs where the head had plowed into the ground.

He took a deep breath and leaned forward, scraping some of the dirt away with nervous fingers. The glass was still warm but not so hot it could not be touched.

When most of the dirt had been removed, he bent closer and peered through the glass.

It took a few moments for his eyes to adjust. The faceplate was dark, like sunglasses, but after a while he thought he saw something moving inside. . . .

